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Summary: Another peace negotiation gone wayward for Kirk, Spock and Sulu. Stuck on another godforsaken planet with the comms down and all three sporting their own injuries to deal with. What mess will be brought back for Bones to deal with this time?

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He had lost track of how many times he'd gotten caught in the middle of some more-than-on-the-face complicated peace negotiations for Starfleet that have gone wayward. Bones would remind him that it would probably be his own fault no matter what the situation was. Right now though, all Kirk cared about was getting off this godforsaken planet full of Carthans, preferably with his crew intact and even better with himself in one piece.

Phaser shots were illuminating the already mild light of the afternoon. Jim rolled and ducked behind a vine-covered boulder, while trying to spot the two other faces he needed to see. Sulu was fighting or rather fencing with a makeshift epee out of a sharpened branch. Spock, "Of course." muttered Jim, was fighting with impeccable hand-to-hand combat techniques but was, upon further inspection, looking like he had taken a few good hits himself.

Kirk was knocked out of his quick recon by a phaser jet streaming right above his head, making the boulder spray its jagged crumbles onto Kirk's already bleeding head. Two of the aliens he was supposed to have rendered peace with were consistently shooting in his direction. He sprung out from his momentary sanctuary and found himself out in the open. As the Carthans turned to him he went straight for their throats, punching exactly as he had been taught in his advanced combat class back at the Academy. As the two aliens went down he heard a pain filled yell of his long time fencing instructor. He whirled around and saw Sulu's arm in the hands of an irate guard, bent at an unnatural angle.

"Sulu!" Kirk started sprinting immediately towards his comrade.

Halfway there he saw Spock appear behind the guard taking him down with a very specific shoulder grip. Spock helped gripped Sulu's unaffected arm and hoisted him onto his feet. He smiled at the two, enjoying the moment's reprieve of battle against the ambassador's posse.

"You guys have any luck with your comms? Mine was out when King Kong back there made a piñata with my head. " Kirk muttered as he unconsciously touched the back of his bleeding head, hissing at the pain that arose with even a slight irritant.

"No Cap, afraid not." Sulu said, looking down with disappointment across his face.

"Before the signal was lost I reported our general area to the Enterprise. Ensign Chekov should be locking on our location soon." Spock reported, ever direct, with his eyes assessing his companions for any further injury.

"Alright, that's something. Why don't we-". The world seemed to have slowed to Kirk. At the same time he felt a white piercing pain erupt from his left side he saw his crew's eyes widen almost a comical amount. He thought he may have laughed if his thoughts weren't all consumed with the fire that seemed to be eating at his side. Kirk momentarily pushed the fuzziness that was trying to consume him aside and turned completely around, not without complaint from his phaser burnt side however.

Before anyone could react, Kirk instinctively picked his own phaser back up and took down the last apparent Carthan thug who had shot him. Kirk slowly sunk to his side, his hands involuntarily going to cover his now bleeding wound. He faintly made out Spock kneeling next to him and maybe Sulu was talking to someone? "Spock?"

"Yes Captain we are here. Lieutenant Sulu is working on getting us back. In the meantime I need to assess your injuries." The First Officer stated, already his hands glossing lightly over Jim's extremities, receiving slight hisses or muttered curses in response.

"Spock, how's his arm? Sulu's arm?" Kirk bit out, his thoughts on his friends. "And you, your face is dripping." He grimaced as waves of pain seemed to be reaching the all-systems-shut-down level.

"We are both fine. I believe we can both agree that our attention is better spent on you at the moment Captain." Spock said, finishing his exam of Kirk's arms and legs for any unforeseen injuries. Adopting a small frown the Vulcan made complete eye contact with his friend. "Sir, I need to examine the wound. You were hit from behind with one of their modified high power phasers. I will roll you towards me to see the extent. Remember to breathe."

"Easier said than done." Kirk grunted, his hands still glued to his side, as if to help manage the almost unbearable pain. He couldn't help but give a muffled scream as he was brought out of what he could only explain as a more comfortable position than this new side one.

Sulu had come running at the sound of his captain's distress, kneeling next to Spock. "Communications made with the Enterprise,

although they were choppy at best. Doctor McCoy is on standby as are we to be beamed up at any moment. What can I do?" He asked his commander in charge.

"Please keep a lookout for any more possibly hostile Carthans while I assess the Captain." Spock relayed easily, although his brow was furrowed at the pain of his friend.

"Yes sir." Sulu said as he immediately took a combative stance next to the pair on the ground, both phaser and makeshift sword at the ready.

"Spockâ€¦" Kirk murmured in between catching his breath. "If more comeâ€¦"

"Although that is a probable outcome, we have a greater chance of being returned to the ship first."

"Tell Bones I hid..mnnhâ€¦his Scotch under my sink." Kirk had grunted out, trying his best to smirk, in between tsunami like stabs of pain as Spock removed his hands from his wound. The fuzziness of the world was making its way back again Kirk noted.

He had closed his eyes for what he thought was just a moment but upon opening them he saw Sulu hovering above him next to Spock's almost just almost relieved face.

"Mmh don't look so happy there Spockâ€¦I'm not out of your hair yet." He was surprised at how weak and gravely his voice was even to himself.

"I don't think that's gonna happen Cap. Our rides here." Sulu grinned, the smile not reaching his eyes.

Before any more conversation was to be had, the three could feel the familiar slight tug of their bodies, pulling them to where they all had made a home; the U.S.S. Enterprise.

End
file.